Peabody College

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THE OLD AND THE NEW.

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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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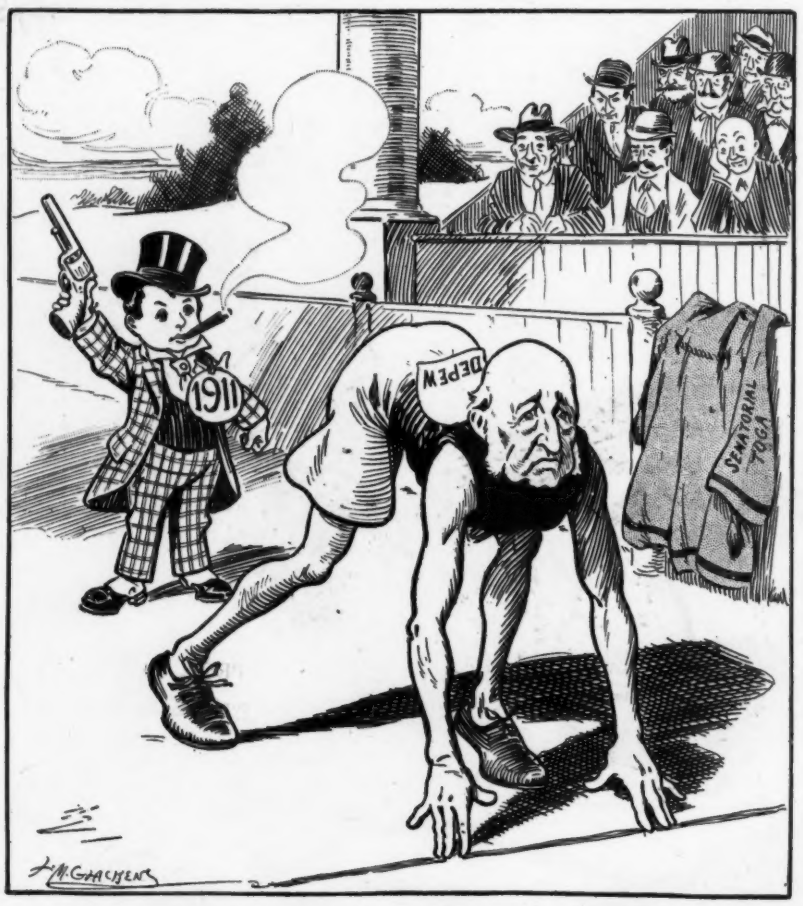
Cartoons and Comments

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

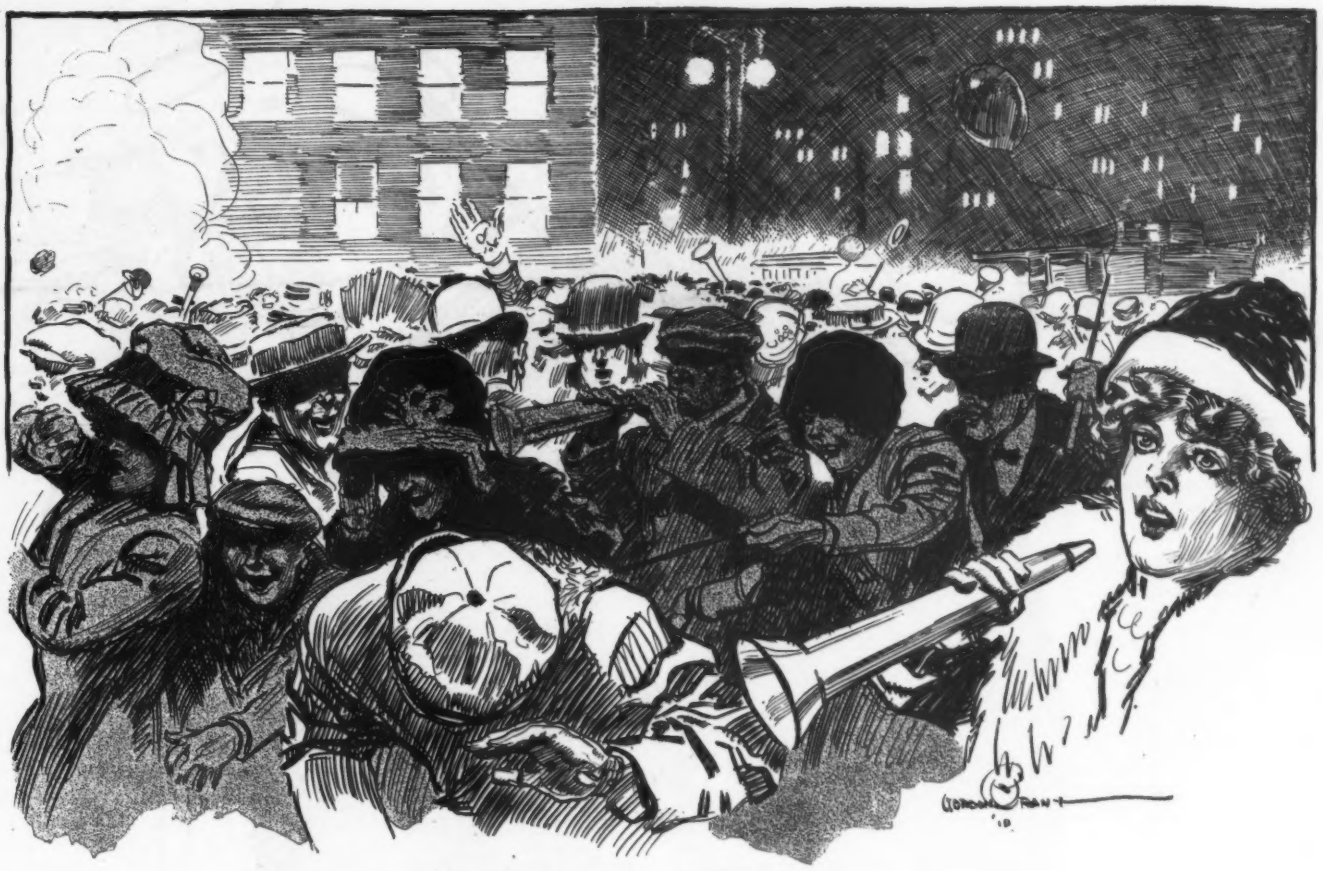
YOUNG LADIES being educated within the walls of a convent never know much of the world outside. New Yorkers, in some respects, are like the young ladies of the convent. *They* never know much of the world outside. For instance, take the case of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall. Most New Yorkers, if they regard it at all, regard it as some crazy theory which is being agitated "out West." In not more than two New York newspapers could they possibly get any other idea of it, as New York papers for the most part encourage the notion that the Hudson River is the western boundary of the United States. No New York paper printed the Initiative and Referendum map, a recent chart which showed that only in some of the Atlantic States is this reform ignored politically. In the West many States have the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall already in force; in still a larger number both parties pledge themselves to it in their latest platforms. To most of us here in New York, however, the thing is but a vague dream, "something which is all right in theory, but which would never work in practice." That it *is* working in practice you could never learn through the perusal of the average metropolitan or Eastern newspaper. That which the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall is designed to bring about, quite a few Eastern interests besides journalistic regard with grave misgivings. The idea that the public should ever be trusted with a say in their own business has always seemed too radical to these gentlemen. They have felt that the public, particularly the Eastern public, would be worried at the thought of having a voice, and a loud voice, in the counsels of government, so the fact that eastward the course of Initiative and Referendum takes its way has been carefully kept secret.



"ON YOUR MARKS! GET SET!! GO!!!"

IT SEEMS to be admitted that our trade with South America needs a boom. To bring this end about the plan of a Ship Subsidy is proposed; in other words, if North Americans will only run ships to South America under the American flag, the United States Government will pay them liberally for their trouble. If there is any loss, and the subsidy idea presupposes a loss, the Government will stand it. But is a loss necessary? Why not encourage commerce with South America in this way: Instead of paying money to those who carry cargoes north from South America, suppose we agree to take less away from them; to make a marked reduction in duties on all cargoes brought in under the American flag? Why subsidize a man to do business at a loss when you don't have to?

THE CAUSE of popular-election-of-Senators ought to receive a decided boost from the doings in the Empire State just now. After all the hurrahing about Democracy triumphant, the revolt of the people against the Bosses, and so forth, it is a trifle sad, this sight of a Democratic Senator being picked by the most approved Republican methods. It should remind us once again that Bosses are all alike, no matter on which side politically they may happen to be. They grow on the same family tree, Republican or Democrat. If your interest is lukewarm in the popular-vote agitation, a glance at the choosing of DEPEW'S successor should make it hot.



"Toll ye the church bell, sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying."

— *Tennyson.*

NO TREATS IN TACOMA.

[The City Commission of Tacoma has passed an ordinance prohibiting treating and making it a misdemeanor to offer another an intoxicating drink.—*News Item.*]

NO TREATS in Tacoma!
No more the aroma
Of wine and malt liquors shall burden the at-
Mosphere; should you mumble
"It 's on me," a rumble
Will rise from the barkeep of "Cut out all that!"

No treats in Tacoma!
No more o'er the foam—ah,
Shall friend call to friend with convivial hail.
Should cocktail or rickey
Slide down 'neath your dicky
You 'll be in grave peril of two months in jail!

No treats in Tacoma!
Beware in the home—ah,
How sweet is that word to the laboring man—
Beware of the buck-
Et containing the duck.
If anyone 's present, swig not from the can.

No treats in Tacoma!
Fall not in a coma,
Collide not with trolley or circular saw!
M.D.'s of the city
Would look on with pity,
But dare not revive you contrary to law!

Maurice Morris.

FOREVER is an elastic term, and may mean 'most anything from eternity, on the one hand, to the interval, on the other, during which very intense lovers remain parted in anger.

PROGRESSIVE FARMING.

"Well, yes," confessed honest Farmer Hornbeak, the while a grim grin wrinkled his weather-beaten complexion. "It 's a good 'eal o' trouble, but the satisfaction I feel amply repays me for the extry work. Ye see, by degrees I 'm sharpenin' up the top of every stump on the place, and in the course o' time I hope to have matters so arranged that the hired man will find it fully as comfortable to stand up durin' the day as to set down."

The success of some of our millionaires would seem to indicate that the Lord indeed helps those who help themselves.

WHEREIN A NICE LITTLE GIRL SMILES AT HIM KINDLY.

There's one girl, anyhow, who speaks to me,—
The little waitress at the beanery.

For when she leans upon my chair and takes
My morning order, coffee, eggs, and cakes,

She's not afraid to smile and say "Hello!"
And make me feel she's someone that I know.

She's pretty, too. I'm sure that I could learn
To love her deeply, for I yearn and yearn

For such a girl as she is—tall and fair—
To go about with me 'most everywhere.

It's me for her. I'll stick around a bit
Until I'm sure I've made a little hit,

And then I'll tote her to the show, perhaps,
And be the envy of the other chaps.

If any of my friends should happen near,
And want to meet the lady, "Nix!" I'd sneer,

"You're not the class to meet a girl like that!"
Gee, won't I leave them flabbergasted, flat!

Say, what's the use? My plans are blown sky high.
I've found she's married to another guy!

Berton Braley.

THE CULTURE CLUB.

PROGRAM FOR THE SEASON.

JANUARY 2, 1911.—At Sallie Simpkins's, provided she gets a new maid in time. Gab topic, "Winter certainly breeds the most scandalous things. Now look at this town, there's——" Bluff topic, "The Romantic in Art."

JANUARY 16.—In Mrs. Pshaw Jones's dining-room, because they can't heat the rest of the house in winter. Gab topic, "My, the amount of sickness there is in town this winter! I 'm so afraid little Jane 'll——." Bluff topic, "Dante and Æstheticism." Refreshments, Lukewarm tea and wafers.

JANUARY 30.—Annual meeting in the Elks Club auditorium if the husbands of the club members can be induced to pay the rent, still unpaid, for the auditorium for last year's annual meeting. Hostesses, Mrs. Burne-Browne, if she does n't go to visit her sister Susie in Ricketyville; Miss Amanda Waitinyet, unless she has another attack of sciatica; and Mrs. Hopwe Dosomthin, provided Freddie is out of quarantine from the measles. Probable gab topic, "My gracious, it 's cold in here," unless the Elks get their furnace fixed by that time. Bluff topic, "A Review of the Past and Prediction of Our Future Activities." Refreshments, Refrozen ice cream, ancient ladyfingers, and black coffee. Election of officers—Mrs. Abermuch will, as usual, browbeat the other members into again making her president. Report of treasurer, and acrimonious discussion of best method for raising the club's standing indebtedness of thirteen dollars and fourteen cents.

FEBRUARY 13.—Election of new members. Mrs. Pish Tush is just dying to belong, but she has n't sense enough to keep her rats from showing. No other candidates, but enough fuss over Mrs. Tush to make up for the lack in that particular.

FEBRUARY 27.—At Mrs. Oleo's palatial country home. Gab topic, "I 'd be ashamed to have the club in my little house after the splendid time we 've had out here." Bluff topic, "Feudalism in the Twentieth Century." Refreshments, Everything possible in the best of style.

Further meetings dispensed with because the real object of the club is to secure the foregoing annual orgy at Mrs. Oleo's gorgeous residence.

Frank H. Williams.

One-Grain Truth-Tablets.

WASTE.

A PIG, left to itself, is a wasteful creature, but by no means as much so as a man. A man, moreover, has a less-healthful manner of wasting. Whereas a pig will trample things under its feet in such wise that they do it no great harm, a man will usually insist on stuffing them into his stomach without Fletcherizing them to speak of, or else he permits his wife to put them on her back, thus to create ill-feeling on the part of women who are not so well married. And still it is wasting in the human, or grand, style that makes for prosperity as modernly understood. If men were content to be only as wasteful as pigs we should scarcely find ourselves as advanced as now we are.

CANNED PEACHES.

THE KIND THAT HIS WIFE "PUTS UP."

THOSE OLD SONGS.

"I CANNOT sing the old songs!"
Her voice rang sweetly clear;
It filled my heart with happiness,
It calmed my every fear.
"I cannot sing the old songs!"
Gadzooks! But that's all right!
For these are those she used to sing
From early morn till night:

"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"
"School Days."
"Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet."
"I've Got Rings On My Fingers."
"Garden of Roses."
"By the Light of the Silvery Moon."
"Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!"
"That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune."
"What's the Matter With Father?"
"Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

She cannot sing the old songs
As in the days of yore—
I'm glad of that; I've heard them all
Ten thousand times or more.
She cannot sing the old songs!
What rare, good luck, by gee!
They may be dear to some folks, but
They are not dear to me!

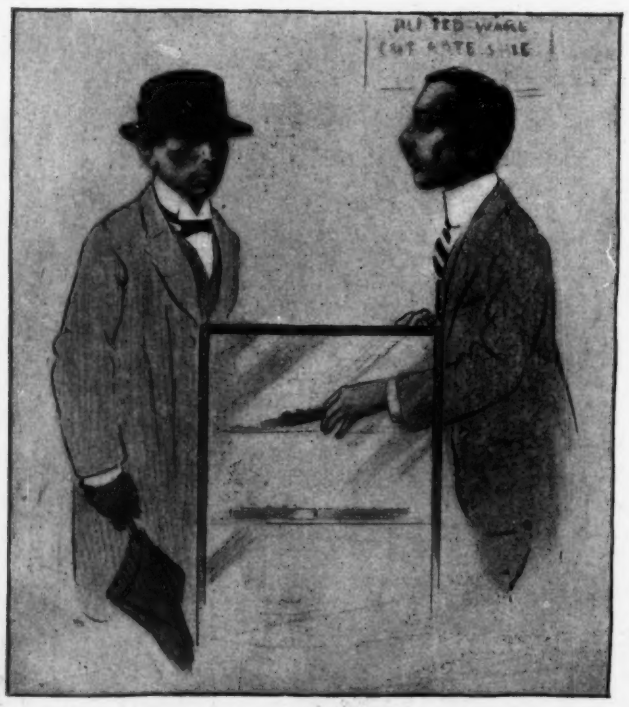
James B. Nevin.

REVOLUTIONARY RESOLVES.

(By the News Editor.)

I WILL not announce the death of King Menelik of Abyssinia more than four times.

I will use my influence to get the man fired who makes "Prison Gates Yawn" in a headline.



THOSE DISCRIMINATING——

CUSTOMER.—I want to get a twenty-dollar ring?
CLERK.—Yes sir. What size is your wife's finger?

I will dash every "pretty romance" between a nurse and her wealthy charge unless it is certified to.

I will resign before permitting a cow to browse through this paper, eating dairymaids' purses containing one hundred and fifty dollars.

I will see to it that poor relatives who receive $2,000,000 each from an unidentified aunt in England have to chip in and buy the paper to get their names into it.

TRAITOR!

HUNGRY ARTIST.—Ah, see what I have! I was going to buy an apple for three cents, but finally persuaded the shopkeeper to sell me two for five.

HUNGRIER DITTO.—Base churl! I see that even *you*, too, have caught the sordid spirit of commercialism!

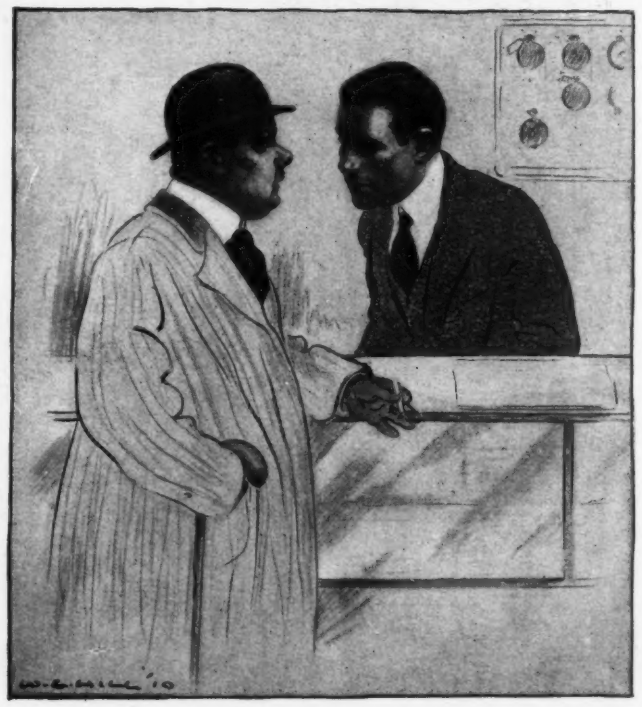
I will not permit the "fair defendant" to be described as "beautiful," and then print a picture showing her to be a lemon.

I will crumple up and throw in the faces of the writers all stories of men finding $500 pearls in oysters.

I will give space to the deaths of the "oldest Mason," the "oldest alumnus," and the "oldest survivor of the Mexican War" but one time each during the coming year.

I will take a course of training that I may be able to rub paste in the hair of every reporter who allows the victim to be killed by "some blunt instrument." It will take a ton of paste, but I'll get it somehow.

Hubert R. Kotterman.



——JEWELRY SALESMEN.

CUSTOMER.—I want to get a three-hundred-dollar ring.
CLERK.—Yes sir. What size is your lady friend's finger?

A. HEARTFELT QUOTATION.

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!"—*Hamlet.*

MODERN METHODS.

When grandpa was a tiny boy—
Oh, awful long ago!—
He was his parents' pride and joy,
For grandma told me so.
But when he was a naughty child
They "used a switch on him,"
"Subdued his spirits, rash and wild,"—
My little Grandpa Jim.

When father was a little lad—
He laughs about it now—
If he was very, very bad
They "spanked him,"—this is how:
His mother laid him 'cross her knee
And put her hand down flat,
Then smacked it with the other—Gee!
What do you think of that?

But as for me, now I am small,
I do 'bout as I please;
They dassent punish me at all
For reasons such as these:
My "free development 's assailed,"
And "Nature's planning foiled,"—
It 's strange that Grandpa Jim was whaled
And yet he was n't spoiled!

Grace Stone Field.

HOW IT WAS.

BROTHER LOBSTOCK.—How did yo' all got yo' nose busted?
BROTHER TUMP.—I done slipped down an' plumb lit on my back.
BROTHER LOBSTOCK.—But, name o' goodness, sah!—yo' nose isn't located on yo' back!
BROTHER TUMP.—No, sah; an' needer was Brudder Wack.

EVER NOTICE?

VISITOR.—How was the show at the Opera House last night?
RURAL CITIZEN.—Fine. That fellow's imitations of actors we 'd never seen was the best I ever saw.

AUSPICIOUS.

TED.—Has the girl's mother intimated that she favors your suit?
NED.—Not exactly, but when we all go out in their motor-car she always lets us sit together in the back seat.

A MAN COMING BACK.

JEFFRIES could n't come back. The Chicago Cubs did n't come back. There is even some doubt about the ability of Col. Roosevelt to validate the return part of his ticket. But there is one man who is about to demonstrate his capacity in that direction, said man being Dr. Frederick A. Cook, discoverer of several spots on the earth's surface which spiteful enemies afterward spaded up and transported. The Doctor will now prove that the pen is mightier than the compass, especially if you don't happen to know very much about the compass.

Financially, Dr. Cook is with us again. It is pretty hard to say which makes better reading: the story of the discovery of something that nobody knows anything about by somebody nobody likes; or the story of how somebody thought he had, but had n't, discovered something that nobody knows anything about by somebody nobody believes. The price is about 15 cents—coming and going. One may be used as an antidote for the other.

Nothing, however, can add to or detract from the service Dr. Cook has performed in breathing into Mendacity a warm personality, and taking it from the field of clumsy artisanship into the realms of art. The world has had liars in its day. There are some even now. These are the unskilled laborers, the shirtless navvies, of mendacity. But when the Doctor felt it coming on him he told almost the biggest whopper there was to tell in the wide world. He told one that was dignified by its very size, weight, and velocity. There are few huskier lies possible, and these are said to be in reserve for the political campaign literature of 1912. And there will probably be many, many Danes.

PROBABLY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—After he heard the people shouting "Saul has slain his thousands, but David has slain his tens of thousands!" what did Saul do then?
WILLIE (*whose father "also ran"*).—I suppose he got right up an' hollered for a recount.

IF EVERYBODY was a millionaire, who would eat all the rump steaks and cold-storage eggs?

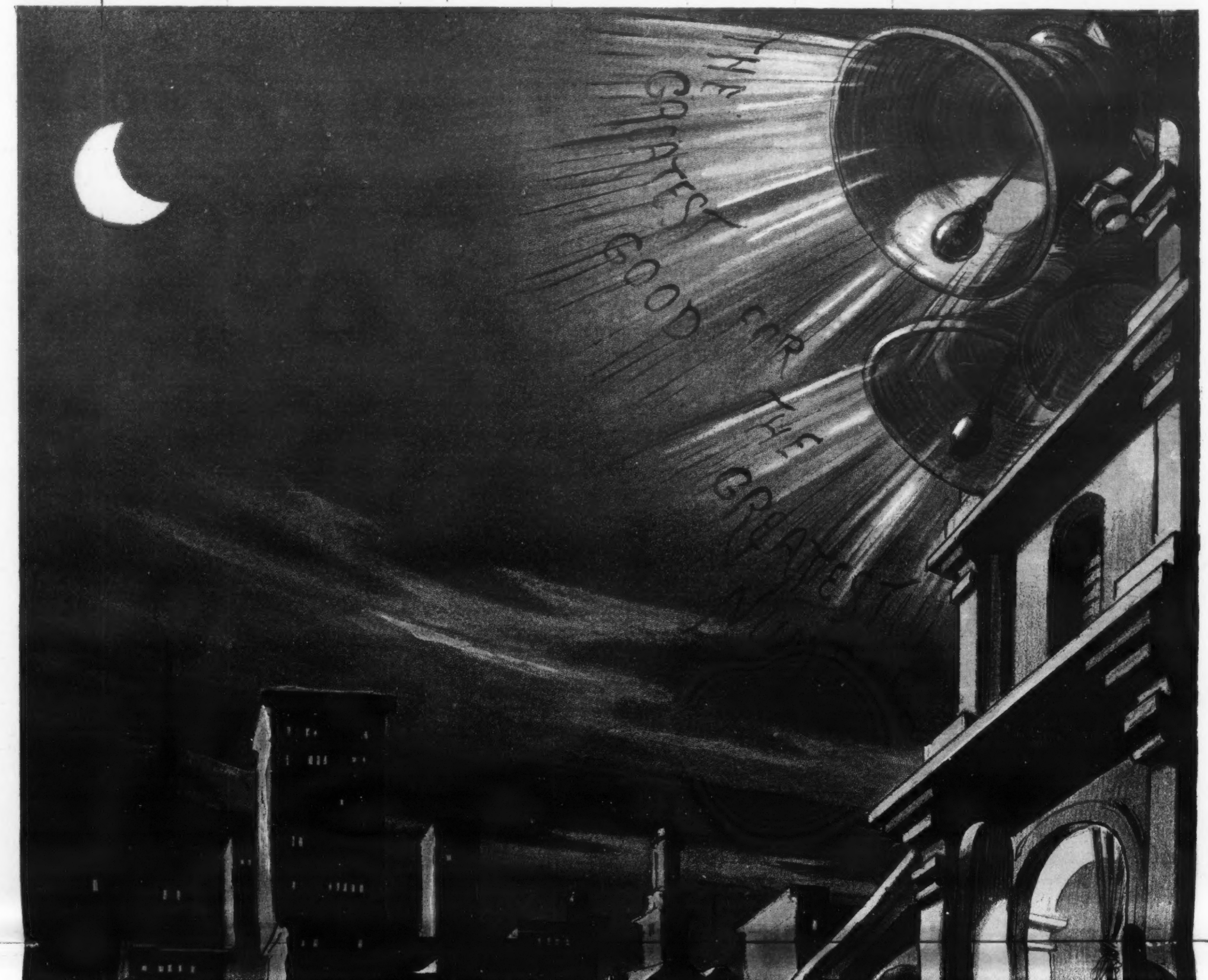
"HAPPY NEW YEAR, BO!"
WHEN THE LIMITED WAS DELAYED BY A FREIGHT-WRECK.

The difference between learning golf and motoring is, that in golf at first you hit nothing, but in motoring everything.

THE PUCK PRESS

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

TIME, THE BELL-RINGER.—Some year, perhaps, they 'll stop their noise long enough to hear the chimes.


THE GREATEST FOOTER

WEEK BEGINNING DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.

Alhambra, 7th Av. and 126th. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

American, 8th Av. and 42d. English pantomime harlequinade. "Consul," and twenty other acts. Daily matinees. Evenings 7:30.

Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Aviator," with Wallace Eddinger. Evenings 8:20. A comedy of aviation.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.

Bijou, Bway and 30th. Zelda Sears in "The Nest Egg." Evenings 8:30. Something new in comedy.

Broadway, Bway and 41st. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. Evenings at 8. Shakespearean repertoire.

Bronx, 150th and Melrose Av. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Casino Bway and 39th. Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy with chorus.

Circle, Broadway and 60th. "Mother." Daily matinees. Evenings 8:30. A play of home life.

City, 14th St. opp. Irving Place. Popular-price vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:10.

Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do." Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting New York and Nevada.

Colonial, Bway and 62d. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Matinee 2.15. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. "The Commuters." All-Star Cast. Evenings 8:20. A play of suburban life.

Daly's, Bway and 30th. "Baby Mine." Evenings 8:30. A comedy farce.

Empire, Broadway and 40th. William Gillette in a repertoire of his own plays. Evenings 8:15.

Gaiety, Broadway and 46th. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence man.

Garrick, 35th bet. 5th and 6th Aves. Annie Russell in "The Impostor." Evenings 8:20. A new play by Leonard Merrick and Michael Morton.

George M. Cohan's. George M. Cohan in "The Little Chauffeur." Opening date announced later.

Globe, Bway and 46th. Sarah Bernhardt. In repertoire. Evenings 8:20.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "The Lily," with Nance O'Neill. Evenings 8:15. A Belasconized ver- of a French drama.

Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. Albert Chevalier in "Daddy Dufard." Evenings 8:20. A new character comedy.

Hammerstein's, Bway and 42d. Maggie Cline, Ben Welsh, "The Bandit," and others. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. Lulu Glaser in "The Girl and the Kaiser." Evenings 8:15. An imported operetta.

Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d and 44th. "The International Cup." Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.

Hudson, Broadway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evgs 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.

Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evgs 8:15.

Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue. Edwin Stevens, Lillian Shaw, Bert Levy, and others. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Knickerbocker. Bway and 39th. Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Foolish Virgin." Evenings 8:15. A drama from the French.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Country Boy." Evgs 8:15. A comedy ontrasting the farm and the city.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Billy Burke in "Suzanne." Evenings 8:20. A new comedy from the French.

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Two Women." Evenings 8:15. An emotional drama of regeneration.

Majestic, 8th Av. at Park Circle. "The Blue Bird." Evgs 8:30 A fairy play about children for grown-ups.

Manhattan Opera House, 34th St. nr. 8th Av. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.

Nazimova's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "Drifting," with Grace Filkins. Evenings 8:15. A comedy of Newport life by Preston Gibson.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Madame Sherry," with Lina Abarbanell and Ralph Herz. Evenings 8:15. A musical show.

New Theatre, Cent. Park West. 62d and 63d Sts. New Theatre Stock Co. "Alt Heidelberg," alternating with "The Thunderbolt." Evenings 8:15.

New York, Bway and 45th. Emma Trentini in "Naughty Marietta," with Orville Harrold. Evenings 8:10. A comic opera in English.

Plaza, Madison Av. and 59th. Vesta Victoria and twenty-one feature acts. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin

Wallack's, Bway and 30th. "Pomander Walk," with the original English company. Evenings at 8:15. A comedy of happiness.

Weber's, Bway and 29th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Truly Shattuck and John M'Closkey. Evenings 8:15. A German farce with music.

L. H.

Among the White Lights.

X.—Lulu Glaser in "The Girl and the Kaiser."

AS ADVERTISED.

Customer.—I see you advertise a fire sale. What have you that is marked down?

The Public Benefactor.—Vell, ve haff some smoking-jackets unt meerschaum pipes slightly damaged by smoke, unt some rain-coats unt umbrellas slightly damaged by vater!

ALMOST-PHILOSOPHY.

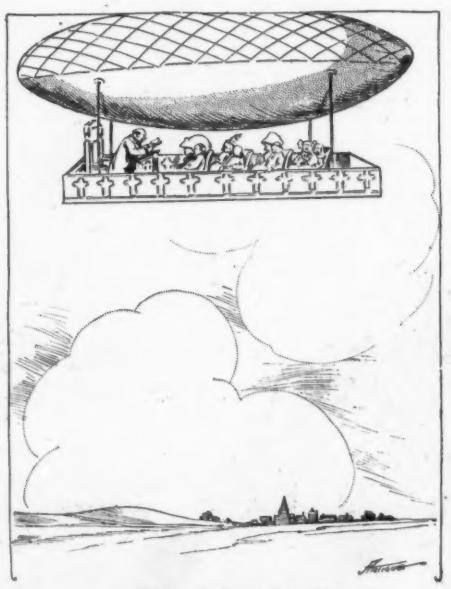
A public official, we are told, should conduct himself in his first term as if it were his last, and no doubt he would, only for the fact that if he does, it almost certainly is.

A farmer, while chopping out a bees' nest in a hollow tree, found a keg of whisky forty years old. Lots of men would like to cut out the booze in this way.

Diogenes took a lantern and went looking for an honest man. If he had taken an automobile lamp, and what goes with it, he'd have run into any number of them.

A bad corespondent sometimes makes a good husband.

All is vanity, but especially all book reviews.



A HIGH MORAL PLANE.

If you sell good articles you are lucky to make a living, while if you deal in just-as-good things you will become a millionaire.

? ? ?

FOR NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHERS:

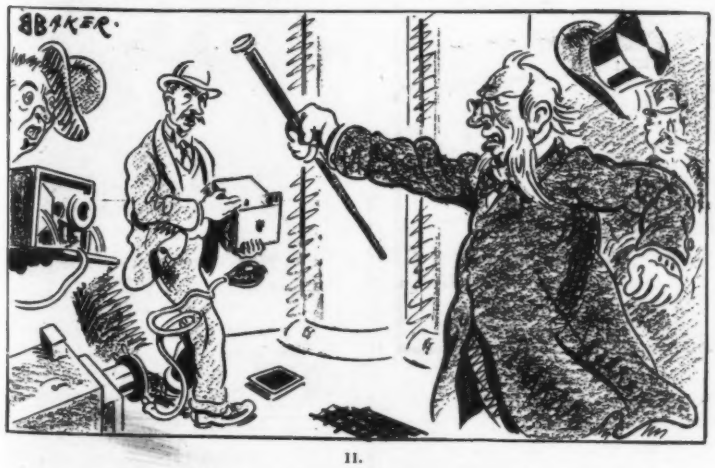
WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER FACE AND PHOTOGRAPH: A CHARGING RHINO IN THE AFRICAN WILDS, OR A——

THE Committee on Resolutions begs to report that from and after the First of January, 1911, We Will:

Learn more and talk less.
Look more and guess less.
Think more with our brains and not so much with our ears.
Smile more and not cry at all.
Be Bigger than anything that can Happen.
Take it As it Comes—and make it all Serve us.
Remember the Other Fellow.
Take no one's dust, and do no one dirt.
Bear in mind that Self is only a side-show, and Love the Main Tent.
Keep from further Paving of the Subway.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

A BRILLIANT man is a man who can sparkle in company, as distinguished from the ordinary man who does the bulk of his sparkling after he gets home and goes to bed and lies thinking of what might have been.



II.

—— CHARGING WALL-STREET MAGNATE WHO HAS SWORN TO SMASH ANY —— CAMERA THAT COMES WITHIN RANGE OF HIM?

The Neighbor-Maker

SAVAGES built rude bridges so that they might communicate with their neighbors. These have been replaced by triumphs of modern engineering.

Primitive methods of transmitting speech have been succeeded by Bell telephone service, which enables twenty-five million people to bridge the distances that separate them, and speak to each other as readily as if they stood face to face.

Such a service, efficiently meeting the demands of a busy nation, is only possible with expert operation, proper maintenance of equipment, and centralized management.

The Bell System provides constantly, day and night, millions of bridges to carry the communications of this country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Walk, —— You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since.

We have now issued

"WALK, —— YOU, WALK!"

as a *Booklet*, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

Ten Cents per Copy.

Admirers of this famous poem will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York

The Safety that is not a Hoe!

Standard Set, including Stropping Attachment and 6 Double-edged, Hollow-ground blades, $5.

Send for Booklet today

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 111 Fifth Ave., New York
DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Ltd., 86 Strand, London

"HAVE you any nice farmers' eggs?" inquired the precise old lady at the grocery store.

"No madam," replied the clerk, "but we have some very good hens' eggs!"—*Santa Rosa Argus.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

HELLO, BROTHER!

We want you to meet 100,000 good fellows who gather round our "Head Camp" fire once a month and spin yarns about sport with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun.

The **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN** contains 164 pages crammed full of stories, pictures of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will lure you pleasantly away from your everyday work and care to the healthful atmosphere of woods and fields, where you can smell the evergreens, hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small. Every number of this magazine contains valuable information about hunting, fishing, and camping trips, where to go, what to take, etc. All this for 15c. a copy, or with watch fob, $1.00 a year. We want you to see for yourself what the **National Sportsman** is, and make you this

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On receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin we will send you this month's **National Sportsman** and one of our heavy Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c.) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. Can you beat this? This month's **National Sportsman**, regular price 15c. **National Sportsman** Watch Fob, regular price, 50c., total value, 65c.,

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National Sportsman, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Centuries of Use

SAMBUCUS SALVE

For 40 years I have been making this salve from an old Indian formula. The important ingredients I gather myself. It has cured sores of years' standing which were said to be cancers. Its curative powers are wonderful for any sore, new or old. A box will last for years and will be sent postpaid for One Dollar. Small box for 30c. in stamps.

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Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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"The World's Best Table Water"

From America's Most Famous Spring Waukesha, Wis.

Put up only in NEW Sterilized Bottles

"How did you cure your wife of chattering so much?"

"I told her that when her lips were closed they formed a perfect Cupid's bow." — *Cleveland Leader.*

WIGG.—I wonder how old Miss Antique is?

WAGG.—Well, ten years ago she confided to me that she was twenty-eight, and now I suppose she must be about thirty." — *Philadelphia Record.*

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42d St. West of Broadway, New York City
A GENUINE ENGLISH MUSIC HALL
Daily Mats. at 2 P.M. Every Evening at 7:30.
ALL-STAR VAUDEVILLE Complete Change of Bill Weekly

"WHAT has happened to Mr. White, who used to be such a joker?"

"Well, he proposed to his present wife as a joke. She accepted him, and he has given up making jokes ever since."—*Dorfbarbier.*

"I DON'T like that woman."

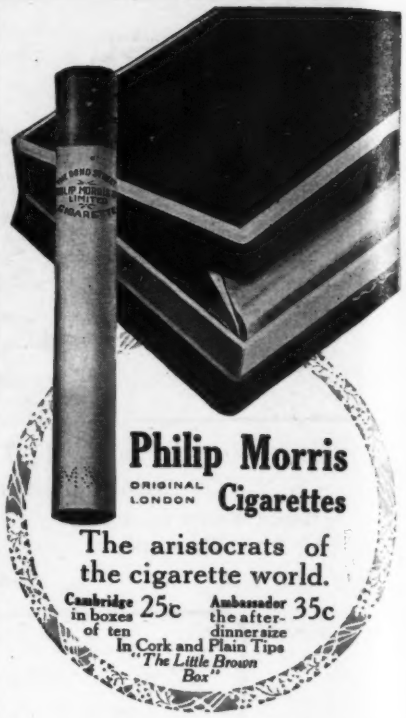
"Why not?"

"She is the woman who is all the time teaching my wife a new way of serving up cold meat."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE EXTRA WAITER.

"If I pull out of this without breaking anything, I'll be lucky!"—*Le Rire.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.



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Cleanliness is a necessity that knows a law—Pears' Soap.

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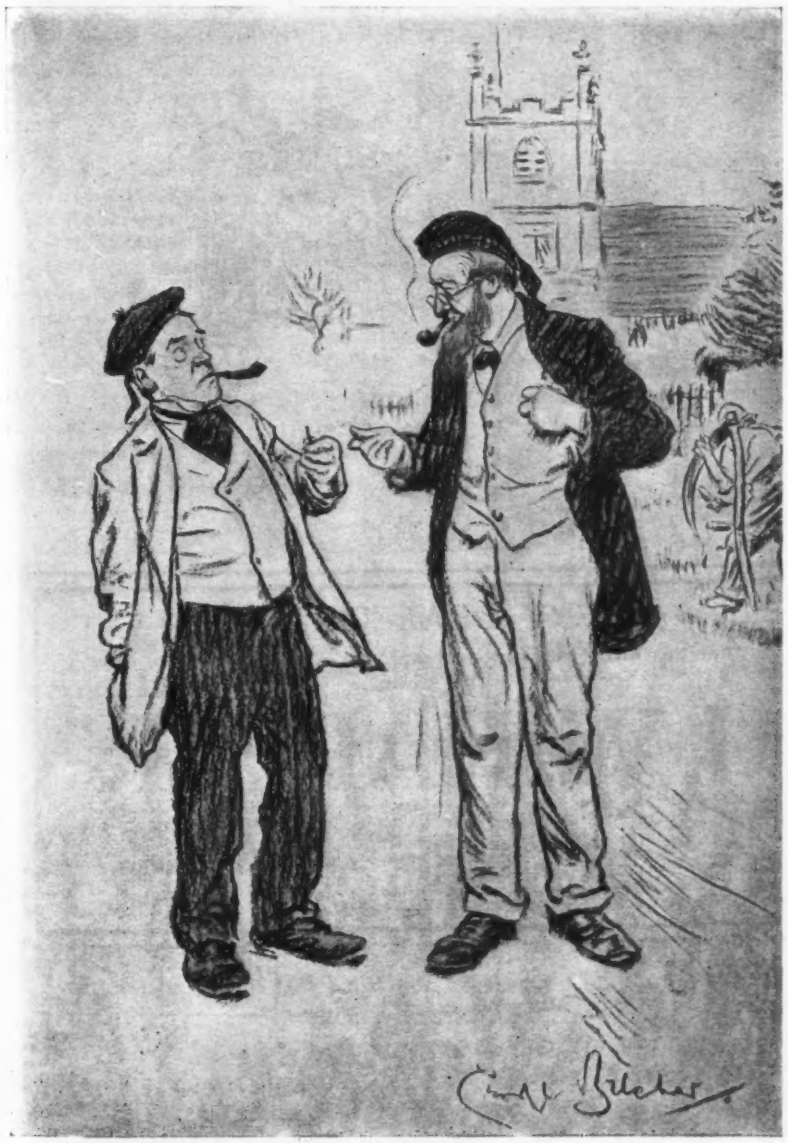

CAREFUL.

MacGregor *(who has just borrowed a match)*.—Eh, but I 've forgotten me 'baccy pouch.

MacCabe.—Ah weel, gie me back the match: ye 'll hae no use for 't.—*The Tatler.*

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"Will you always be true?" asked the broker's suspicious daughter, when young Sportleigh had thrown himself at her feet and begged for her hand.

"As true as steel!" he cried.

"Common or Preferred?"—*Chicago News.*

News to Him.

"When I was in Europe this summer," said Gayman, trying to entertain the minister, "I got quite interested in some of them old churches."

"Indeed?" replied Rev. Mr. Gassaway. "I suppose you know St. Paul's in London?"

"No. You don't tell me? What hotel's he stopping at?"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"I have difficulty in satisfying my wife. She has a thousand wants."

"I have difficulty in satisfying mine, and she has only one want."

"What is it?"

"Money."—*Baltimore American.*

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Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves:
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Stomach Disorders,
and
CONSTIPATION
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Just Observe for Yourself—Pronounced Individuality and a Flavor more satisfying than mere words can describe, are Blatz exclusive characteristics—so declare those who really appreciate character and quality in table beer.

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ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE OR BUFFET
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Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

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"Dere sho' am a run on dis

Gibson's
CELEBRATED RYE WHISKEY"

Gibson Distilling Company
Philadelphia Pa

Result of Repetition.

"The way to win in politics," says Job Hedges, "is to keep on saying something until everyone gets to believing it. It does n't make much difference what that something is. My office-boy went to Bridgeport once on one of the fifty-cent boat excursions. He was late getting back to the boat, and by the time he reached it every chair on the desirable side of the deck was filled. He thought of a scheme.

"'Have you seen the whale?' he asked those near him. 'They 've got a whale tied to the dock and he 's thrashing around with his tail like anything.'

"Those he spoke to paid no attention. So he went on, and told the story to others. By-and-by a few rose and went to see the whale. At last the fever seized everyone and they crowded to the other side of the boat to see the whale. My office-boy was left alone on the deck. He selected the best chair, and placed it in the most desirable position by the rail. The crowd did n't come back. He wriggled about uneasily, and finally he jumped up and ran to the other side of the boat.

"'By gosh,' said he to himself, 'I believe mebbe there is a whale!'"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

IDEAL WINTER TRIPS TO THE TROPICS.

The most inviting cruises this season are those to the resorts of "The American Mediterranean," that wonderful winterless region bathed by the Southern Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, including Porto Rico, Bahamas, Cuba, Florida and San Domingo.

Write for AGWI NEWS, a beautifully illustrated free magazine, describing the cruises of the following steamship lines.

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TO FLORIDA, daily except Sunday, calling at Charleston, Brunswick and Jacksonville, with connections for all leading Southern resorts. From Pier 36, North River, New York.

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As to Trial Marriages.

"I read in one of the papers the other day," said Mr. Henpeck, "that trial marriages are rapidly increasing in France."

"Oh, you did, did you?" his wife replied. "And I suppose you think we ought to have that kind of marriages in this country?"

"No, dear," he replied, edging toward the door, "I should n't even go as far as trial marriages."

By the use of the telephone he succeeded in re-establishing friendly relations with her.—*Record-Herald.*

"Is n't it just lovely, Madeline?"

"What, Celia?"

"Millinery is going to be more expensive this fall than ever before."—*Buffalo Express.*

Geraldine.—You have n't been to see me since you asked my father for my hand.

Gerald.—No, this is the first time I 've been able to get about.—*Human Life.*

Milo
The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your Club or Dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

A SURE WAY TO GET RID OF RUBBER-NECKS.

I.

Painter.—Is n't there some one here who would like to——

EVERY DEALER KNOWS
that the most satisfactory brand of Whiskey he can offer his trade is
"I. W. HARPER"

¶ Often, however, he recommends something else because there is more profit in the poorer kind.

¶ As a consumer you want the BEST, therefore, insist on HARPER.

Bernheim Distilling Co., Incorporated
Louisville, Ky.

II.

"——buy this picture?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Caroni Bitters—Unequalled for flavoring Sliced Fruits, Ices & Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

Egyptian
Deities
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

As near perfect as mother nature and human skill can make them

Cork Tips or Plain

On a busy day a woman walked into the office of the court rooms at Atlanta, Ga., and, addressing Judge Blank, said:

"Are you the reprobate judge?"

"I am the probate judge."

"That is what I was saying," she said, "and I have come to you because I am in trouble. My husband was studying to be a minister at a college seminary, and he died detested, and left three little infidels, and I have come to be appointed their executioner."—*Green Bag.*

BARBERS I am willing upon request to let you try my hone and strop for 10 days. W. E. Winters, 115 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

"When are you going on your vacation?"

"I don't know. I've got to wait until the neighbors get through using my suit-case."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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THE PURE FOOD LAW—A MAGNIFICENT VICTORY

Never was such a law more needed than in this country, nor more welcome than to us, who have suffered enormously from the fraudulent imitation of popular labels. This law, some years ago, would have saved us hundreds of thousands of dollars. Yet, to our amazement, a law designed to protect honest manufacturers no less than the public, was immediately made the pretext for an attack upon our world-wide and previously unimpeached reputation. After a costly contest, lasting four years, we have gained a signal and complete victory; in doing which, we have also shown that the law is the just measure it was intended to be.

We have not, as the public has been led to believe, obstructed the PURE FOOD LAW nor opposed the views of the GOVERNMENT. We have simply resisted a mere Bureau's usurpation of authority, and its novel and preposterous theories, submission to which would have driven us out of the American market.

The story is almost incredible, and difficult to tell briefly; yet, in justice to ourselves, and to the patrons who have remained so splendidly loyal to us, we must outline the facts.

For generations, the one universally recognized impurity of Whisky has been FUSEL OIL, which we have always removed by distillation. The Bureau referred to, as late as 1904, insisted that to be "good for consumption" Whisky must have practically no FUSEL OIL.

Kentucky "Straight Whisky," when new, is rank with FUSEL OIL, but the makers always assured consumers that this noxious impurity was transformed by age into delightful ethers, etc. A few years ago it was found that age makes no change in the FUSEL OIL except to remove its vile odor. The Kentucky distillers, knowing well the aversion to FUSEL OIL, were in desperate straits; so they boldly declared that REAL Whisky, new or old, must contain all the FUSEL OIL, and denounced all REFINED WHISKY as a base imitation. And the Bureau backed them up.

This is no pleasantry, but sober fact. CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY was condemned, solely because it contains practically no FUSEL OIL.

Some months ago, President Taft, after a searching investigation by the Solicitor-General, overruled the Bureau completely. Now the Attorney-General has decided that the PURE FOOD LAW does not require our label to be changed by a single letter.

At the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION in 1893, Dr. H. W. Wiley, then, as now, Chief of the Bureau referred to, reported CANADIAN CLUB to be "pure and fully up to the examination required," and, by authority of Congress, it received an award for "Fine aroma, very pleasant taste, thorough maturity, purity and absence of alien matter," which expresses every excellence any whisky can possess. CANADIAN CLUB is the same now as then.

If any consumers really want FUSEL OIL in their whisky, they should use Kentucky "Straight Whisky:" CANADIAN CLUB will not suit them. All who desire that the PURE FOOD LAW shall be rationally administered, and not as the weapon of any one man, should send for our History of this remarkable case. Please name this paper.

HIRAM WALKER & SONS, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.

[*Adv.*]

GONE BEFORE.

PENN.—Do you see anything of our old friend Growler? Last time I saw him he said he did n't like New York.

GOTHAMITE.—That 's so, but I guess he 'd rather be in New York than where he is now.

PENN.—Where is he now?

GOTHAMITE.—I would n't care to say. He is dead.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"WHAT 's a dilemma?" asked one small boy.

"Well," replied the other, "it's something like this: If your father says he 'll punish you if you don't let your mother cut your hair, that 's a dilemma."—*Exchange.*

ONLY HAVE PATIENCE.

"You must not ride here. This place is only for foot-passengers."

"Oh, let me alone! I 'll be down in a minute, anyway!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

A MINER in a Western mining camp decided to open a saloon and restaurant. He wanted a high-toned name. So he called a conference of friends and well-wishers. They deliberated for a long time.

Finally when the name was decided upon it was painted on a box-cover and nailed up over the front door. The sign read: "Puss Cafay."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Can You Find the Fire Demon?

THIS is an actual photograph of burning San Francisco where the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** paid the largest single loss ever paid by any fire insurance company in the world. Somewhere in the smoke above the burning city, appears a face which we have named the Fire Demon. Can you find it? If you can, cut it out, paste on a postal card, write your name and address and the name of the publication from which you have taken it. Send the postal to the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.** You will be sent, free of charge, a series of beautiful colored souvenir postal cards of fire scenes.

SOME ARCHITECTURAL FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.